



"OFFICER?" said Cissy, looking up from her magazine, "did you say officer?"

The train was sliding into Quebec with the light taut breath of a young runner. The morning air was a shiver of diamonds. The passengers had waked, wondered, breakfasted, and were about to alight.

Cissy was the sort of American who got her hats out of Vogue, her views out of the Smart Set, and her

be kinda hard on neutrality."

As the red-sledded and be-buffaloed conveyance tinkled off down the street, while dad got busy on the French-named shopfronts, Cissy's head came breathlessly round.

"He didn't go away on the train after all, dad—he just went through it. He's in the sleigh behind."

Captain Moriarty was a Canadian—from Ireland, via New York, for adventure. He had spent five hard-riding years in the Northwest

the life out of one. The north pumps it in and uses it up again at top pressure. The long miles melted into memories.

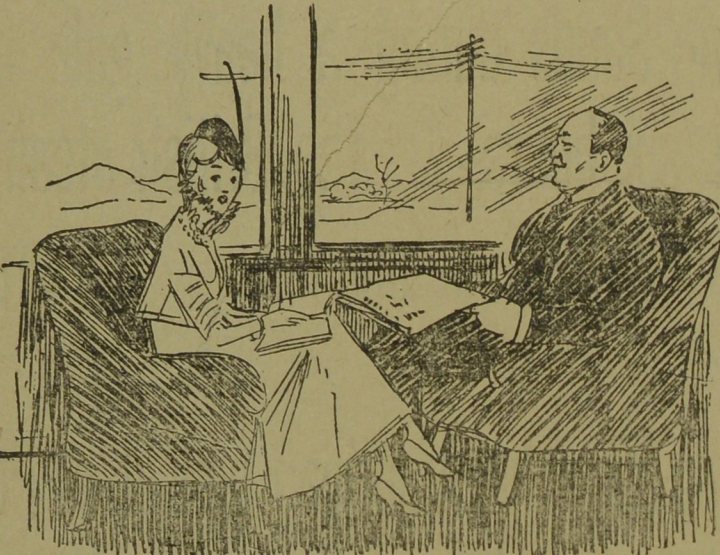
"How can you leave it?" Cissy burst out at last, "this glorious country—how can you go there to the guns and the gas and those awful, awful trenches?"

"How could I stay? The more wonderful it is—child, isn't it? It's worth fighting for? But you're neutral. You couldn't understand?"

She touched his arm timidly. He looked so grim.

"Oh, but I do!" she whispered. "My great-grandfather fought under Washington. This ain't my country—but if it were, how I would fight!"

The captain was more afraid than thousands of Germans would have made him. But he charged straight for the guns.



"Officer," said Cissy, "Where?"

checks out of Dad. The hats were small, the views were broad, but the checks were the loudest plaids you ever saw and still growing.

Cissy had set her heart on a white Christmas, a crinkle-treed, sleigh-belled, buffalo-robed Christmas. Where else were the use of the finest fur coat between here and Madame Polarbear's At Home.

But New York—nice, naughty, sleepy-eyed New York—just wouldn't accommodate.

Wherefore Cissy had stamped a thirteen-inch-high-booted foot under the shortest skirt you ever saw, short of the bathing beach, and dad got the light.

He also got the way to the nearest ticket office—or rather the chauffeur did—and the net result was twin tickets for Canada. Dad and Cissy were all there was to it down home, except servants.



Cap. Moriarty was a Canadian from Ireland via New York.

"Where?" said Cissy again, flattening her pretty nose against the cool pane, "daddy, I want an officer for Christmas too, please may I?"

As if in answer, the door at the far end of the car opened and the girl in the compartment saw a man stride in. He had hair the color of his khaki suit, and you knew from the set of his mouth that his eyes were grey.

"Two button-tuggies on his arm, daddy," said Miss Inquisitive, as the porter hustled the suit cases down the aisle, "no, three. What make is he?"

"Captain, I think. You you're neutral, Cis, don't you forget it."

"Neutral?" said his daughter, with her first lungful of true north air. "seems to me this climate is going to

Mounted Police. Now he is going home; because no matter how far a Briton travels, he's Briton still. And when it comes to a scrap, your Irishman is the grittiest Briton of them all.

His battalion was wintering in Montreal, but Moriarty himself had leave for Christmas and he had run down to the Chateau Frontenac for a little of the sport on ski, toboggan, skate and sleigh, that he so loved.

Incidentally and unconsciously, he had packed a little arrow in his bag, a strange, gold-headed steelbarbed bit of viciousness unknown to military authorities, the mate of which had been slid into the wardrobe trunk of the girl from New York. He didn't know it. And she didn't know it.

But the little French-eyed cupids of Quebec had wired ahead for just that arrangement.

Dad met the captain in the morning—oh yes, such things do happen—and Cissy met him at lunch. It was thrilling to talk to a real soldier. Most of the men she knew had raised a moustache for the Allies—and that was all.

When he proposed tobogganing Cissy hunted up her furriest, fluffiest, fetchingest coat and complied. Incidentally, the French cupid transferred the arrow from the trunk to her eyes—big, dark eyes they were and disastrously eyelashed.

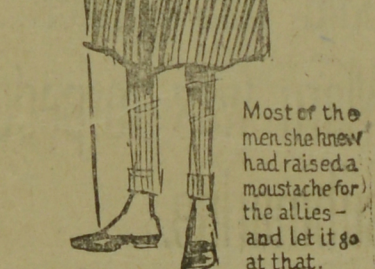
The streets tingled with life. They flowed with color. Everywhere you heard the lilt of Gallic laughter. There were soldiers too, endless groups of them. And every group encountered, when one was on the magic company of an officer, meant a salute. Cissy had been bowed to, cringed to, kneeled to, but saluted by real active-service soldiers—never before. It was thrilling.

Tobogganing is the king of winter sports, the Coney Island climax of speed-daring, swallow-darting adventure. The most popular slide in Quebec starts from under the shadow of the King's Bastion of the Citadel and ends on Dufferin Terrace at the entrance to the Chateau Frontenac tea room. It starts as "pleased-to-meet-you, glad-you-steer"; it goes a quarter of a mile in something under thirty seconds; and when it has landed you breathless and well-acquainted at the door of the tea room—why, after half an hour of such glorious fellowship, you just naturally drift in.

White hands over a dainty teapot—warm fragrance of the subtle Orient in every sip—

"After all, we're one race," said the captain, smiling, "what do you say to snowshoeing to-morrow?"

The day was a perfect pearl, a sun-drenched ecstasy. The south takes



Most of the men she knew had raised a moustache for the Allies—and that let it go at that.

"Would you take a stake in it if it were offered to you very, very humbly? Just one Canadian heart, dear! We have to move quickly these days. There are no long courtships in war time."

There wasn't a sound in all the white world.

"It isn't true. It couldn't be," said Cissy, awed, "and yet I know I love you."

Out of the end of a feathery, snow-draped bough, the little French cupid laughed. And then he sighed. Far, far away, a bugle at the Citadel had played "fall in."



"And yet I love you."

Been Fought British

In the bush fighting in East Africa the Germans and their black troops placed hives of bees, partially stifled by smoke, under lids on each side of narrow tracks, along which our troops must advance. Wires or cord lifted the lids when touched by the advancing troops, and saw rings of infuriated bees, recovered from their temporary stupor, were let loose on the attackers. The fur of the bees, which at certain points is said to have been as much as to the insignificance of the little people, a to the death of the bees and the smoke, many men were so horribly stung on the face or hands as to be forced to retire or rendered incapable of holding their weapons. Over 100 stings are said to have been inflicted in one instance on one of the Royal North Devon Rifles.

Some of the women of the non-combat and sentry duty have died out of the world. It will be universally admitted that men and women are made up of the same ingredients and that the preponderance of good or bad, weakness or strength, lies in the individual, not the sex. When women have achieved full liberty, in other words fully found themselves, and, increasingly confident of their swelling ranks, stand squarely on their own two feet, they will be just as rapacious, just as dishonest, just as sharp and over-reaching as conditions and the law permit. The weaker or less resourceful will drop to the under-world as they do today (where they will continue to divide the honors with men), but these women of brains and character that deliberately select the open for their talents instead of the home, will fight man at his own game, and, it may be, rout him, dispossess him, eat him up.—Gertude Atherton, in Yale Review.

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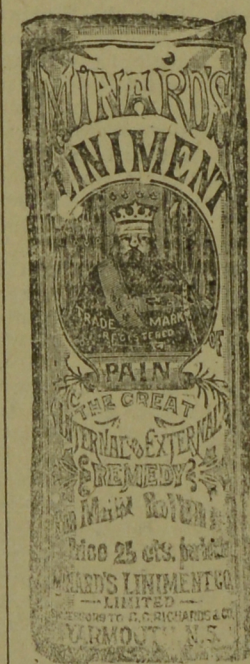
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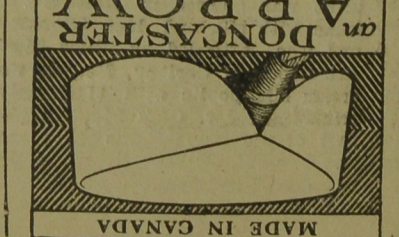
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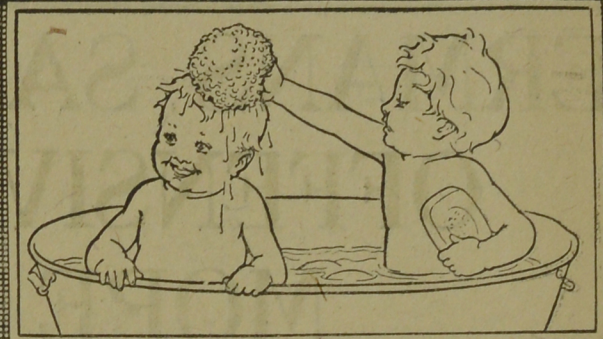
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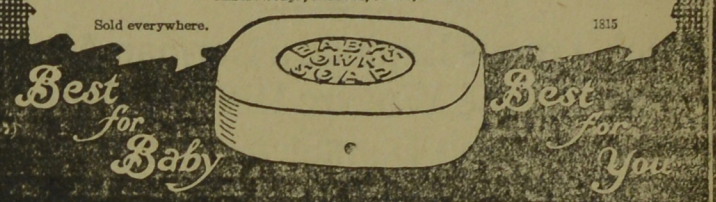


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